HOME READING.

Arthur's Rest.

Where is Sir Arthur laid?
Who knows his rest?
Deep in a sheltered glade
Far in the West:
Ne'er to that silent strand
Gallant ship sailed;
Never that lonely land
Mariner hailed.

Summer reigns endless there,
Ever as now;
Fruit time and blossom fair
Meet on the bough.
Calm hath the vale enshrined
Safely from foes:
Thunder nor tempest wind
Mars its repose.

There is the champion laid
Under the trees;
Scarcely the tender shade
Stirs with the breeze.
Flecking the flower-stars
Azure of sheen;
Slant fall the softened bars,
Golden and green.

Forest-born, faint and few,
Noises that come,
Pigeons that sadly coo,
Insects that hum,
Mix with the solemn strain,
All the great deep
Rises and falls again,
Lulling his sleep.

Stars from the purple sky,
Many and large,
Nightly with changeless eye
Hold him in charge,
Peaceful and still he lies,
Changeless as they;
Those and the lantern-flies
Guard him till day.

Slowly the balmy air
Brings back his might,
Heals the sore wounds he bare
From his last fight.
Faulchion and buckler bright,
Helmet and steed—
All that beseems a knight,
Wait for his need.

Eyes that looked love in his
Long since are dim;
Lips he was wont to kiss
Lost are to him;
Foes whom he knightly fought
Vex not the shore:
Tasks that he kingly wrought
Claim him no more.

Yet must a subtler foe
Threaten our day;
Yet with more faith below
Must our sons pray:
Then in the hour of need,
For his land's sake,
Then shall the doom be dreed—
Arthur shall wake.

—*W. Wakefield in Belgravia.*

Did You Ever Hear of it Before?

[illegible]ate, scintillate, globule vivific;
[illegible]ould I fathom thy nature specific.
[illegible]se posed in ether capacious,
[illegible]ingly resembling a gem carbonaceous,

When torrid Phœbus refuses his presence,
And ceases to lamp us with fierce incandescence,
[illegible]ou so illumine the regions supernal—
Scintillate, scintillate, semper nocturnal.

[illegible] the victim of hopeless peregrination
[illegible]ly hails your minute coruscation;
[illegible]ould not determine his journey's direction
[illegible]r your bright scintillating protection.

What Was It?

Many years ago—not much less, I am concerned to say, than fourscore—it fell, in the line of professional duty, to the lot of my uncle,—great uncle, you understand,—then a young officer of engineers, to visit, of all spots in the earth, the Shetland Isles. His surgery, as stated in his note book, from which this remarkable incident is taken, was connected with the intended restoration of Fort Charlotte,—a work of Cromwell's day, intended for the protection of the port and town of Lerwick, but which came to considerable sorrow in the succeeding century, when a Dutch frigate, storm-stayed, devoted a autumn evening to knocking it about the ears of the half dozen old gentlemen in invalid health who constituted the garrison.

On the evening that preceded his departure from Chatham, my uncle appears to have given a little supper of adieu, at which were present Captains Clavering and Dumpsey, Messieurs Chips, Bounce, and The Tourist.

Whether the last three gentlemen belonged to the service or not cannot be ascertained. The army lists of that period have been searched in vain for their names, and we are driven to the conjecture that the sportiveness of intimate friendship may have reduced what was originally "Carpenter" to Chips, and supplied the other two gentlemen with titles adapted to their personal merits or peculiarities.

From my relative's memoranda of the overnight's conversation, it would seem to have taken, at times, a warning and apprehensive tone; at other times, to have been jocular, if not reckless. The wet blanket of the party was Dumpsey, whose expressions of condolence could hardly have been more solemn had my uncle been condemned to suffer at daybreak, with all the agreeable formalities at that time incident to high treason!

Chips appears to have followed the lead of Captain Dumpsey, and (if we may assign to him certain appalling incidents of the North Seas, to which my uncle has appended as authority, "Ch.") with considerable effect. Mr. Bounce seems to have propounded more cheerful views, with especial allusion to the exciting sport his friend was likely to enjoy in those remote isles; while The Tourist has, to all appearance, limited himself to the duty of imparting to my uncle such local information as he was able to afford. In fact, so far as can be guessed, the conversation must have proceeded something in this fashion:—

"Tell you what, old fellow," Dumpsey may have said, "going up to this place is n't exactly a hop across Cheapside. If there's any little matter of—of property, in which I can be serviceable as administrator, legatee, and so forth—after your—in the event of your remaining permanently within the Arctic circle—now, say so."

"Prut!—Pshaw!" probably said my uncle.

"The kraken fishery has been bad this year, they tell me," said Chips, quietly. "Otherwise your friend might have secured a specimen or two of the bottle-nosed whale, and moored them as breakwater in the Irish Channel."

"He did nearly as well," returned the unabashed Bounce. "Bill was bobbing one day for codfish in rather deepish water,—thousand fathoms or so,—when there came a tug that all but pulled his boat under. Bill took several turns round a cleat, and, holding on, made signals to his sloop for assistance. Meanwhile, his boat, towed by the thing he had hooked, set off on a little excursion to the Faro Islands; but a fresh breeze springing up, the sloop contrived to overhaul him, and secure the prize. What do you thing it was? You'd never guess. A fine young sea-serpent, on his way to the fiords."

"I should, I confess, much like to learn, from rational sources," said Captain Clavering, "whether these accounts of mysterious monsters, seen, at long intervals, in the North Seas, have any foundation of truth."

My uncle was disposed to believe they had. It was far from improbable that those wild and unfrequented sea-plains had become the final resort of those mighty specimens of animal life, which it seemed intended by their Creator should gradually disappear altogether. Indifference, the fear of ridicule and disbelief, the want of education, preventing a clear and detailed account,—such, no doubt, had been among the causes tending to keep this matter in uncertainty. It was not long since that a portion of a sea-serpent, cast upon the Shetland shores, had been sent to London, and submitted to the inspection of a distinguished naturalist, who (the speaker believed) pronounced it a basking shark.

My relative's voyage must have been made under auspicious circumstances, since notwithstanding a brief detention at Aberdeen, a heavy tossing in the miscalled "roost" of Sumburg, and a dense fog as they approached Lerwick, the good ship dropped anchor in the last named port on the tenth day.

There were no inns, there are none *now* in Shetland, and my uncle took lodgings in the house of Mrs. Monilees, than whom, he observes, no woman ever less deserved her name. Living must have been cheap in those days, for Mrs Monilees boarded, lodged, and washed her guest, for eighteenpence a day, and declared she made a handsome profit of him; the only "lee" of which my uncle ever suspected her.

Fort Charlotte was not a work of any remarkable extent, and my uncle's survey and report of all the Dutch had left of her were very soon completed. His orders being to await an answering communication which could scarcely be expected to arrive in less than a fortnight, abundant leisure was afforded for making excursions in the neighborhood, and he resolved that the first should be directed to the lovely bay and ruined castle of Scalloway.

It was then the custom—if it is not still—to walk out upon the moorland, catch the first pony you fancied, take him whither you would, and turn him loose when you'd done with him. Arming himself, therefore, with a bridle and pad, my uncle stepped upon the moor, and speedily captured a likely-looking shelty that had an air of pace. The pony seemed perfectly aware what was wanted of him; and, having hastily rubbed noses with a friend,—as if requesting him to mention at home that he had been pressed by an obtrusive traveller, but hoped to have done with him, and be back to supper,—at once trotted off without guidance towards Scalloway.

The day was fine overhead, but certain misty wreaths—the skirts, as my uncle conjectured, of an adjacent sea-fog—kept sweeping up the valley, crystallizing pilgrim and steed with a saltish fluid, and melting away into the blue.

It was on the lifting of one of these gauzy screens, that my uncle found that he had turned an angle in the road, and was within sight of the village of Scalloway, with its dismantled keep, memorial of the oppression of evil Pate Stewart, Earl of Orkney, hanged a century before, but still (as The Tourist would tell us, were he here) the Black Beasts of Orkney and Shetland.

On a fine clear summer's day the coast scenery of this part is singularly beautiful. From the heights overlooking the picturesque harbor may be traced the blue outline of many of the hundred isles forming the Shetland Archipelago, while countless holms and islets, green with velvety sward, stud the rippling waters. Far to the westward—nearly twenty miles, I think—heaves up out of the ocean depths the mighty Fughloe, now Foula Island,—Agricola's "Ultima Thule,"—whose threatening bounds the most daring mariner approaches with reluctance.

As my uncle expected, a mist was hanging to sea-ward, and shut out all the nearer holms and headlands. He therefore devoted the first half-hour to a visit to the castle, being accompanied in his progress by four young ladies, carrying baskets of woolen work, the produce of island industry, of which, he was sternly informed, it was the custom of every traveller of distinction to purchase about a ton.

The mist had by this time cleared considerably. Not a sail of any kind was visible on the calm blue sea, but so many coasting and fishing craft lay at anchor in the roadstead as to have all the appearance of a wind-bound fleet. Excepting when a small boat moved occasionally between ship and shore, complete inactivity appeared to prevail; and this was the more remarkable since the herring season was near its close, and my uncle was aware that on the opposite (the eastern) shore every hour of propitious weather was being turned to the best account.

Here, however, though there were many sailors and fishermen about the beach and quay, lounging, slee ing, or chatting in groups, there was clearly neither preparation nor thought of it. What made this state of things still more unaccountablo was that the bay, even to my uncle's inexperienced eye, was absolutely alive with "shoals" of herring and mackerel, clouds of sea-fowl pursuing them and feasting at their will.

The good wives if, having their work in their hands, they did not partake of their husband' idleness, certainly abetted it, since it seemed as if four fifths of them had assembled on the shore and the little quay.

Curious to elucidate the mystery, my uncle drew near to a man who had just come ashore from a herring smack, and seemed to be its master, and with some difficulty, for the sea-going Shetlanders are neither polished nor communicative, drew him into conversation.

"Would it be possible?" he presently asked, "to visit Fughloe; and on what terms could a smack—the skipper's, for instance—be chartered for the purpose?"

"Fughloe!" repeated the man, with a grin on his bronzed features; "why, fifty pounds."

"Fifty *what?*" shouted my uncle. "For a four hours' sail?"

"You won't get one of us for less," said the man, sullenly, and probably in a different dialect from that into which my uncle has rendered it. "And *I* would n't tempt you to try it."

"You have done so well with the cod and the herring this season, that money's no object, I suppose?"

The man's face grew dark.

"We have done *bad*," he said, "and we're doing worser."

"With miles of fish yonder waiting to jump into your nets?"

"Waiting to do *what?* Why, sir, *they* knows it just as well as we, perhaps better," was the oracular reply.

"Knows what?"

"Eh! don't *you* know?" said the man, turning to my uncle; "so you're a stranger. Will you come a little way along o' me?" he added in a tone meant to be civil. My uncle assented.

Passing the remaining cottages, from one of which the skipper procured his telescope, they ascended the nearest height, until they had opened a large portion of the bay towards the west. Then the man stopped, and extended his shaggy blue arm in a direction a little to the south of the now invisible Fughloe.

"The fog's shutting in again," he said; "but you look *there*, steady. *That's what keeps us!*"

My uncle did look steadily along the blue arm and the brown finger, till they ended in fog and sea; but *in* the latter, *through* the former, he fancied he could distinguish a low, dark object belonging to neither, the precise nature of which was wholly indiscernible.

"Now you've got him, sir," said the man. Take the glass."

My uncle did so; and directed a long and penetrating gaze at the mysterious object.

Twice he put down the glass, and twice, as if unsatisfied with his observation, raised it again to his eye.

"I see the—the islet—clearer now," he said, at last; "but—but—"

"I know what's a-puzzling you, sir," said the skipper. "You noticed, when we was standing below, that it was two hours' flood; and yet that little islet, as you call it, lifts higher and higher."

"True it was little more than a wash when I first made it out," said my uncle; "let me see if—" he put the glass to his eye. "Why, as I live, it has heaved up thirty feet at least within this minute! Can any rock—"

"There's three hundred fathom good between *that* rock and the bottom, sir," said the man, quietly. "It's a creature!"

"Good heavens, man! do you mean to tell me *that object* is a living thing?" exuninterrupted view.

For answer, the man pointed towards it.

His fingers trembling with excitement, my uncle could not for a moment adjust the glass. When he did so, a further change had taken place, and the dispersing mist afforded him for the first time a distinct and uninterrupted view.

At a distance from the nearest point of shore which my uncle's professional eye estimated at a league and a half, there floated, or rather wallowed, in the sea a shapeless brownish mass, of whose dimensions it was impossible to form any conception whatever; for while at times it seemed to contract to the length of perhaps a hundred feet, with a breadth of half that measure, there were moments when, if the disturbance and displacement of the water might indicate movements of the same animal, its appalling proportions must have been measured by rods, poles, and furlongs!

Through the skipper's glass, which was an excellent one, my uncle observed that its height out of the water had diminished by nearly half; also, that clouds of sea-fowl were whirling and hovering about the weltering mass, though without, so far as he could distinguish, daring to settle upon it.

Fascinated by an object which seemed sent to rebuke his incredulity, in placing before his eyes this realization of what had been hitherto treated as fantastic dreams, my uncle continued to gaze, rooted to the spot, until the mist, in one of its perpetual changes, shut out the object altogether, when the skipper, touching his hat made a movement to descend.

On their way back to the village, the seaman told my uncle that, about a week before, the bay of Scalloway, and indeed all the neighboring estuaries, had become suddenly filled with immense shoals of every description of fish, the take of herrings alone being such as to bid fair to more than compensate for the losses of the season. Three days before, while the bustle was at its height, the wind light from sou' sou'-west, and smooth sea, a sealing-boat from Papa Stour approaching Scalloway, had rounded Skelda Ness, and was running across the bay, when one of the crew gave notice of an extraordinary appearance, about a mile distant, on the weather bow. The next moment, a mighty globe of water, apparently many hundred yards in circuit, rose to the height of their sloop's mast, and, breaking off into huge billows, the thunder of which was heard for miles around, created a sea which, distant as was the vessel from the source of commotion, tossed her like an egg-shell.

Traditions of volcanic action are not unknown to the Shetland seamen. Imagining that a phenomenon of this kind was occurring, they at once bore up, and, having the wind free, rapidly increased their distance from the danger, while, in every direction, boats, partaking of their alarm, were seen scudding into port. The appalled seamen glanced back to seaward. The momentary storm had ceased, and the spray and mist raised by the breaking water subsiding, gave to view an enormous object rising, in a somewhat irregular form, many feet above the surface, and—unless the terror of the crew led them to exaggerate—not less than half a mile in extent.

"A rock thrown up," was their first idea. One look through the glass dispelled it. The object, whatever it might be, lived, moved, was rolling round—or, at all events, swinging—with a heavy lateral movement, like a vessel deeply laden, the outline changing every moment; while, at intervals, a mountainous wave, as if created by some gigantic "wallow," would topple over the smoother sea.

Dusk was closing in when the sealing-boat reached the quay. They had been closer to the monstrous visitor than any, except one small craft,—young Peter Magnus's,—which had had to stand out to sea, but was now seen approaching. When she arrived, nearly the whole population was assembled, and assailed her crew with eager questions. Peter looked grave and disturbed, ("'T is a young fellow I'm afeerd, without much heart," said the skipper,) and seemed by no means sorry to set foot on shore.

"It's neither rock, nor wreck, nor whale, nor serpent, nor anything we know of *here*," was all that could be got from Peter, but one of his hands, who had taken a steadier look at the creature, declared that it made intelligent movements; also, that, in rolling, it displayed its flanks, which were reddish brown and covered with bunches as big as bothey's, and things like stunted trees! Pressed as to its size, he thought it might be three quarters of a mile round, but *there was more below!*

"Not many of us fishermen turned in that night," the skipper went on to say. "We were up and down to the beach continually; for the night being still, we could *hear* the beast, and from its surging, and a thundering noise that might be his blowing, we thought he might be shifting his berth. And so he was; for at daybrake he worked to the east ard, and has lain moored ever since where you saw. But we still hear him, and the swell he makes comes right up to our boats in the harbor. Why don't we venture out a mile or so? *This* is why. Because, if he's a quarter so big as they say—and, sir, I'm afeerd to tell you what that is—supposin' he made up his mind to go down, he'd suck down a seventy-four, if she were within a mile of him. We're losing our bread, but we must bide his pleasure or rather, God's, that sent him," concluded the honest skipper, "come what will on it."

"There was one chance for us," he presently added. "The Sapphire, surveying ship, expected every day, and some think the captain would n't mind touching him up with his carronades; but when he sees what 't is, I don't think he'll consider it his dooty!

They had reached the village during this conversation, and were approaching a group of persons engaged apparently in some dispute, when a young man burst out from the party, and, in a discomposed manner, was walking away. The skipper stopped him.

"Well, Peter, my lad, what's wrong *now?*"

"I think she's mad!" was Peter's doubtful answer, as he brushed back his hair impatiently from his hot, excited brow. He had handsome, but effeminate features, and seemed about twenty.

The skipper spoke a word or two with him apart, patted his shoulder, as if enforcing some advice, and rejoined my uncle.

"Young Magnus, my sister's son," he said. "A sweethearts' quarrel, sir, that's all. But she *do* try him sure! Ah, Leasha, Leasha!" he continued, shaking his head at a young woman who sat at work upon the gunwale of a boat, and appeared the centre of an admiring circle of both sexes, who stood, sat, or sprawled about her, as their fancy prompted. She was very handsome, haughty-looking for her station, and, at this moment, out of humor.

Though she could not hear the skipper's exclamation, she understood the gesture that accompanied it, and, smoothing her brow, appeared to stand on the defensive.

Young Magnus, who had returned to the circle, stepped forward.

"Now, Leasha," he said, "will you dare to say before my uncle what you did to me,—yes, to *me?*" repeated the young man, striking his breast passionately.

The word was ill chosen. Leasha's spirit rose.

"Dare!" she said, in a suppressed voice. "You shall see," she said. "But remember, Mr. Edmonston," addressing my uncle's companion, "this has nothing to do with such as *you*. I said that, among Scalloway men, we had both children and cowards. I said that, because a wrecked hull, or a raft of Norway timber, or, at worst a helpless, dying monster of some sort is floating on our shores, we are not ashamed to skulk and starve in port. Not a boat will put out to take up the fish within half a mile of this beach,"—she stamped her bare, and sinewy but well-formed foot upon it,—"nor even venture near enough to discover what it is that has scared away your courage and reason. Shame on all such, I say, and shame again."

"You don't know what you are talking of, Leasha," said Edmonston. "We do. If there were not danger, I should not be *here*. I might be willing to risk my life, but not my ship, which, while God spares her, must be my son's and grandson's bread. You speak at random, girl, and Peter Magnus is no more to blame than the rest of us; less, perhaps," said the good-natured skipper, "for his boat is but a kittle thing. A 'wreck,' child? Who ever saw a rig with *nine masts!* 'Norway rafts?' Psha! Call it a sea-thing, you're nearer to the truth; but he's a bold sea-man, and a precious fool to boot, that puts his craft near enough to ask whence he hails."

"*I* would do it if I were a man," cried the girl, beating her foot upon the ground. "And—and I will not say what should think of the bold man that did it *now*."

Young Magnus colored to the temples, for the challenge was directed to him, but made no reply. There had stood, meanwhile, a little aloof from the group, a young fisherman, tall, athletic, and with a countenance that would have been handsome but for a depression of the nose, the result of an injury, and for a somewhat sullen and sinister expression, which was perhaps habitual to him. The words had not left Leasha's lips before he uncoiled his arms, which had been folded on his broad chest, and strode into the circle, saying, quietly,—

"*I* will go."

"You'll not be such a fool, Gilbert Sunclcr (Sinclair)," said Edmonston.

"You'll see," said the other, in his short, sullen manner. "Some of you boys shove her off," pointing to his boat, "while I run up yonder."

He went to a cottage close at hand, and was back almost instantly, carrying something under his fishing-cape, and a gun. His boat was already in the water, and fifty dexterous hands busied in stepping the mast, setting the sails, and stowing the shingle-ballast. She was ready.

"Who's going with you, since you *will* go?" growled Edmonston.

"I've only room for one man living," said Sinclair, in his sinister way. "Now, I dont want to take advantage over Peter Magnus. Him or none."

The young man stood irresolute for a moment, then, with one glance at Leasha, leaped into the boat. Sinclair pushed off eagerly.

"You have done well, girl," said Edmonston, sternly. "If either return alive, it will not be Peter Magnus."

"What—what do you mean?" exclaimed the girl, clutching his sleeve as he turned away.

"That Gilbert Sinclair is a treacherous, malignant devil, and at this moment mad with jealous—Stop—"

But Leasha had dashed down the beach.

"Peter! Peter!" she shrieked, "come back! For the love of Heaven—back! I must speak with you!"

"*To late!*" replied Sinclair, with a grin. "Wait till he brings you what you want to know."

As the last words was uttered there was a splash astern. Magnus had leaped into the water.

"Ha! ha! *Coward!*" roared Sinclair, as his boat shot into the fog.

Evening was now approaching and my uncle, deeply interested, and resolved to see the adventure out, accepted the skipper's invitation to pass the night at his cottage. After taking some refreshment, they strolled out again upon the shore and quay. The mist was clearing, and the moon had risen. My uncle asked what his host imagined Sinclair proposed to do, expressing his doubt whether he intended anything but bravado.

Edmonston was not so sure of that. Ruffian as he he was, with a spice of malice that made him the terror and aversion of the village, Sinclair was a perfect dare-devil in personal courage, and, his blood being now up, he was certain, if he returned at all, to bring back tidings of some description. The man's unlucky passion for Leasha (who was betrothed, Edmonston said, to his nephew) had been the cause of much uneasiness to the friends of both. "God pardon me if I misjudge the man," concluded Edmonston; "but if ever murder looked out of man's eye, it did from his when Peter jumped into his boat to-day."

By eleven o'clock the haze had lifted so much that the skipper proposed to ascend the height, and try if anything could be seen. The night was still as death; and, as they rose the hill, the soft rippling murmur of the sea barely reached their ears.

"I never knew him so quiet as *this!*" remarked Edmonston; "I take it, he's—"

Before he could finish, a sound, compounded of rush and roar, so fearful and appalling that it can be likened to nothing but the sudden bursting of a dam which confined a pent up sea, swooped from seaward, and seemed to shake the very rock on which they stood. there was a bellow of cavernous thunder, which seemed to reverberate through the distant isles; and, far out, a broad white curtain appeared to rise, blend with the dispersing fog, and move majestically toward the land.

"It 's the surf! 'He has sounded,'" whispered Edmonston. "Listen—now!"

Perfect silence had succeeded the tumultuous roar, and again they heard nothing but the sough of the sea lapping the crags below. But, after the lapse of perhaps a minute, the hush was invaded by a soft, sibilating murmur, increasing to a mighty roar; and, with a crash like thunder, a billow—fifteen feet in height—fell headlong upon the rocky shore. It was followed by two or three more, each smaller than the preceding; and once again silence resumed her sway.

At daybreak it was seen that the terrible Sentinel of Scalloway had returned to his fathomless deps.

And where was Sinclair? He was seen no more; but, weeks afterwards, a homebound boat, passing near the spot where the monster had lain, nearly came in contact with some floating wreck. From certain singular appearences, some of which seemed to indicate that the wreck had been but recently released from the bottom, the crew were induced to take it in tow, and bring it into port. There it was at once identified as the forward portion of Gilbert Sinclair's boat, torn—or, as Scalloway men insist to this day, *bitten*—clean off, just forward of the mast—the grooves of one colossal tooth—the size of a tree—being distinctly visible!

There are persons, it is true, who have endeavored to lessen the mysterious interest of my uncle's story, by suggesting a different explanation—hinting, for example, that the object might have been composed of nothing more extraordinary than the entangled hulls of two large vessels, wrecked in collision; and that Sinclair, suspecting this, and endeavoring to reduce them to manageable proportions through the agency of gunpowder, had destroyed himself with them.

But, if so, where were the portions of wreck? We have also the support of no less a person than the author of "Waverley," who, in his notes to the "Pirate," mentions the incident, and its effect upon the hardy seamen of Scalloway; while my uncle himself, at a subsequent visit to that port, smoked a pipe with Mr. Magnus in the very boat—then converted into an arbor—that had been bitten in two by the seamonster. So, that, with him, I frankly ask—if it was not a kraken—*What was it?*

Lincoln on Ben Butler.

Some one asked Mr. Lincoln why they had tried Butler in so many different places—Big Bethel, New Orleans, Peninsula, etc. It "reminded him of a story:" "When I was a young man I was a 'rail-splitter.' I wanted an ax made, and called on a blacksmith I knew in order to get him to make one for me. 'Abe,' said he, 'I have just the piece of steel for such an ax, and have been saving it for some time, thinking you might need one.' Having said this much he put the piece of steel in the forge, and having raised it to a white-heat placed it on his anvil and beat it powerfully with his hammer. The sparks flew around, and all present had to stand aside; but, after working on it for some time, he turned to me with a rueful face and said: 'Abe, it wont make an ax, but it will a clevis!' Next he again put it into the forge, and, having heated it as before, placed it on the anvil, and striking it with his hammer, the sparks flew around smartly, and all had to get out of the way of them. After awhile he said to me: 'Abe, I am sorry to say it won't make a clevis, but it will answer for a bolt.' He again introduced it into the fire, and after pounding it on the anvil, and the sparks flying from it as before, and all present having to stand out of the way of them, he, with a most lugubrious expression of countenance, said to me: 'Abe, it won't make a bolt, but there is one thing I am certain it will make,' and having heated it again as highly as he could, he plunged it in a bucket of water and exclaimed, 'It'll make a big fizzle!' and it did."—*Exchange.*

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Marechal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

Order for Evening Service.

I.—Ballooning by the choir.
II.—Scriptures read reverentially by the clergyman.
III.—Hymn. (Congregational.)
IV.—Prayer. (Minister all alone, and congregation meanwhile wool gathering.)
V.—Gloria. (Further ballooning by the choir/all alone among clerestory windows, painted roof, etc), etc.)
VI.—Sermon.
VII.—Hymn. (Congregational.)
VIII.—Prayer. (Minister all alone, congregation wool gathering, putting on gloves, getting *couchant*, ready to spring.)
IX.—Benediction. (Violent stampede while organ moves off, sky rocketing and turning handsprings like a drunken Bacchante.)
X.—Silence and darkness, and *the restored presence of God!—S. S. Times.*

Wit and Humor.

He didn't appear to be a bank cashier or a newspaper editor, as he strolled into an Alabama street grocery.

He was simply a six foot Clayton county lad, and was looking for the State road depot.

"Do ye know whether the agi t is there or not?" he queried, after being d rected to the right place.

"I don't," answered the proprietor, impatiently, "you can call him through the telephone and find out," waving his hand toward that instrument.

The countryman looked first at the telephone, and then at the merchant. At last he blundered out:

"Mister, I reckon I looks purty green, but lemme tell you, I knows when a feller's trying to make fun o' me, an' I won't stand it."

"What do you mean?" asked the merchant.

"How'n the blazes air that agint a goin' to git through that little hole?" exclaimed the Claytonite.

Smiling softly, the merchant arose, transmitted the man's message, and received a satisfactory reply.

For a moment the countryman looked blank, and then, seizing the groceryman's hand, he said:

"Mister, I'm an idiot; fergive me fer my rough words; an'," here he paused, looked thoughtful for a moment, and continued: "An' tell me how ye got that agint penned up in such a little box."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A scientific paper announces that in its next issue will appear an elaborate article entitled, "How to Handle Bees." Now, a bee is not a difficult thing to handle. He is as easily, picked up as a strawberry and is reasonably light and compressible. To handle him is, therefore, a mere song. Any man can do it. In fact, the more ignorant of bees a man is, the more easily he can handle one. The main difficulty seems to be in quieting the man down after he has handled a small but frolicsome bee. There have been known men to race around a ten-acre lot and eventually lose their salvation after handling one bee for the tenth part of a second. The scientific journal means well, no doubt; but what the country really needs is an article on how to avoid handling bees.—*Life.*

AT THE BEE-HIVE AT THE BEE-HIVE

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Notwithstanding the so-called SPECIAL SALES we will sell our REGULAR GOODS at 25 PER CENT. LESS than the same goods sold at SPECIAL PRICES.

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Silk and Lisle Thread Hosiery for Ladies, Gents, Children and Infants, in great variety. See our elegant line of novelties in FANCY HOSIERY, consisting of all the latest styles in Stripes, Checks, Plaids, all Fancy Colors and Black. We always carry a line of Ladies' extra wide Silk Hose; these are very scarce and hard to be found.

These goods will never be duplicated at any such figures.

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25 pieces of Velvet from $1.75 per yard down to $1.25; 50 pieces of Body Brussels, $1.50 per yard down to $1.25; 150 pieces of Tapestry, from $1 per yard down to 70 cents; 25 pieces of Three-ply from $1.25 per yard down to $1; 200 pieces of Extra Supers from 90 cents down to 75 cents; 800 pieces of low-priced Ingrains, Lists, Rags and Hemps, from 50 cents per yard down to 25 cents. 7000 yards of Oil-cloth, well seasoned, all widths, from 75 cents per yard down to 25 cents.

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